

# HELP!

NOV • ICD • 35¢





Eat a little,  
so you should  
grow up to be a  
big man  
some day.

# HELP!

VOL. 2 NO. 4

NOV. 1962

HARVEY KURTZMAN editor



JAMES WARREN  
publisher

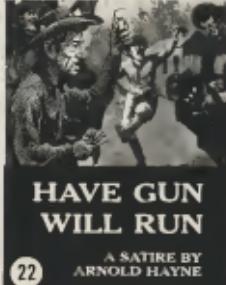
assistant editor

HARRY CHESTER  
production



## THE COMPANY PLANE

By Bernard Shir-Cliff



## EDITOR'S PREFACE

### THE FUMETTI

This issue's fumetti took our merry little band of non-union elves farther

afield than we are wont to go. In fact, through the miracle of modern aviation, it took a portion of this gay, mad group up up and away into the mild blue yonder for transportation between sets.

The hardest thing about getting a plane for the fumetti was convincing everybody we weren't going to knock aviation. In fact, a couple of plane rental outfits turned us down because they didn't want us to knock aviation. We all had been looking forward to going up for a flight, but after the tenth "Don't knock aviation" we started getting nervous.

Finally we took off from Westchester Airport in a Piper five-place steamer and thirty minutes later landed far away from people—on the Flying W Ranch, a delightful hideaway with landing strip, restaurant, cabins and airplane-shaped swimming pool. Here we spent the afternoon photographing lovely Joyce Mende in a bikini.

Ah, yes, friends—Don't knock aviation!

Besides the fair Joyce, also featured in this issue's fumetti was Russ Heath, a busy young cartoonist who has worked with the editors through the MAD, TRUMP, HUMBUG and now HELPF years. Thanks to the make-up artistry of wizard Dick Smith, 12 year old Russ was able to look the part for his role as the 45 year old Mr. Bowles.

Also courtesy of Dick Smith's skill, Jim Hampton, a young off Broadway survivor, was able to play a variety of character parts including the airplane-shaped swimming pool. Jim just recently completed a starring role in a short movie, "One Plus One," which will soon be released to tumultuous acclaim.

### THE COVER

This issue's cover pays tribute to the ever increasing inundation of the American scene with quality goods marked,

## LETTERS

### PRaise

The Thomas Nast reprints were the best reprints you've ever run. I'm especially happy that you refrained from reprinting any of his Tweed Ring cartoons, which are probably the most reproduced pictures in American history.

It was probably the best issue of HELPF yet.

Ken Pitt  
Pearl River, N.Y.

### MORE! MORE!

I've been reading Kurtzman



10 Times Better?

mags since his very first one . . . and I think HELPF is great, but I believe that having more cartooning by artists like Elder, Wood, Davis, Jaffee, Roth, Kurtzman, etc. would make your magazine 10 times better. I think other readers will agree.

Stephen Gordon  
Los Angeles, Calif.

### APOLOGY—PTU!

I have found a most appropriate place for your apology to Archie Comic Books that appeared in issue #15 on page three. I have taped it to the bottom of the toilet seat.

Mike Kaufman  
Oceanside, N.Y.

### CONSCIENCE

Maybe your conscience doesn't bother you but I surely hope your wife does. I read HELPF #14 with hopes of reading a decent magazine. Instead I found that your magazine is not, as you claim, a collection of satire and humor but a filthy and indecent collection of garbage!

P.S. Please don't send your garbage to foreign nations in their own language. You only add to the material the Communists can use for deceptive

propaganda to further their godless cause.

Wayne Hinson  
Greensboro, N.C.

### CYRIL NAST

My brother-in-law showed me your HELPF #15 containing my father Thomas Nast's work. He thought the "NASTY" in the title an insult, but I did not think it was anything to worry about.

The drawings you reproduced of father's and the complimentary comments more

than offset the "y."

I wrote the Print Room of the N.Y. Public Library and told them to get a copy to add to their fine collection of Nast items.

For 31 years I was the advertising Manager of the N.Y. Edison Co. After retiring at 57 I had to do something to keep busy so posed for photos and paintings on advertisements and illustrations over 600 of them in 76 different characters. I am now 83 years old.

Cyril Nast  
Coatesville, Pa.

Actually, "NASTY Thomas Nast" was coined by Tom Nast's contemporaries and appeared in print many times in the opposition papers during the Grant-Greeley campaign—Ed.

### JENNIFER

I have a slight correction on your mention of Miss Jennifer Billingsley. 19-year old Miss Billingsley danced in Framingham, Mass. Not Birmingham, Mass.

Your mag is getting better and better, it's much easier to read than your competitors.

Dave McManus  
Birmingham, Mich.



His Pop



Made in Japan?

"MADE IN JAPAN." No longer is the legend synonymous with shoddy imitation. The Japanese are out-Germaning the Germans in the manufacture of precision optical and photographic equipment, and eventually we may very well find this legend even on our money. The chap expressing a certain amount of surprise at what he found on the epidermis of his fair companion is none other than our boy Jim Hampton of fumetti fame.

#### WONDER WARTHOG

Remember the Green Arrow, Captain Marvel, Captain Marvel, Jr., Superman,

Barry Goldwater? Well, from the annals of superheroes to the pages of *HELP!* comes another super character to amaze, astound, surprise and nauseate our readership. The product of the stunted mind of Gilbert Sheldon, *WONDER WARTHOG* is a warthog's warthog—darling, bold, mercenary. For adventure you are not likely to see duplicated—and a damn good thing, too—turn to page 32.

#### HOORAH! FOR TEXT

Last issue, after a fairly long drought prose-wise, *HELP!* printed a text piece by satirist William Manus called *MARTY MEETS GIDEON*. Well, sir, this particular bit of writing drew more comment and praise than any text piece run in *HELP!* for quite a while. Thus encouraged, we once again embark on the perilous task of proving—in the face of overwhelming odds—that some readers can and will read words unattached in any way to a picture or drawing. Thus on page 22 you will find a bit of good-natured foolery by Arnold Hayne. Read it. It won't hurt a bit.

#### SECOND HELPING

Gold Medal Books—the publishing firm that likes to live dangerously—is publishing the second *HELP!* pocketbook. Known laughingly as Harvey Kurtzman's *SECOND HELPING*, this sterling compilation of more of the best from *HELP!* bids fair to outstrip *FAST-ACTING HELP!*, which created apathy in Paris, tedium in London and a mild sensation of mal de mer from Coast to Coast. Soon your neighborhood news dealer will stop sneaking peeks at the center spreads in all the girlie magazines and place this beauty



Fram, not Birm

#### 4/6 OR FIGHT

We Australians really need *HELP!* for your 35¢ magazine here they charge 4/6. Juniors earn 4/6 an hour. Bloody expensive. Could you help? Herbert Sils Chatswood, Australia

Herb, you could try a subscription. That might make it cheaper. By our none-too-rapid calculation, 4/6 is either 17¢ or \$3,333.17. We don't know which.—Ed.

#### AUSTRALIA CALLING

This is a fervent plea from down under. What has happened to your excruciating magazine? Please, if you have any feelings at all for your fellow human beings, check and see if someone hasn't forgotten all about us out here. I have Jan., Feb., Mar., April, June and Sept. of 1961 and Feb. 1962. I know there are some issues after and in between but they haven't found their way out here. I am desperate to catch up on my Elder, King, Roth. I have a reputation for being a bit of a nut. How can I keep this up if my handbook has ceased to arrive? How can I obtain back numbers?

John A. Simpson  
Victoria, Australia

See the inside back cover of this issue for any you may have missed. Our man has to swim all the way to Australia with a bundle of *HELP!*s between his teeth and he doesn't always make it.—Ed.

#### CLUB?

I've been reading your magazine for years. I would like to know if you are going to start a club so your *HELP!* readers can join. If you are, please tell me how much it would cost

and what members would get.

After you get started with your club, other *HELP!* readers would start their own *HELP!* clubs and get more people to read *HELP!* I think it would give your magazine a big boost.

Sammy Rickis  
Bloomfield, Conn.

No plans for *HELP!* clubs yet, although we could let you in on a Tree Worshipper Cult we are getting together.—Ed.



HELP! Club

#### VOL? NO?

Your magazine does need

out on the stands for a mere 35 cents. After we've gone to all this trouble to put out a pocketbook, you'd have to be pretty much of a fink not to buy it. We dare you. In fact, we double-dare you and double-dares don't go first.



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HARVEY KURTZMAN'S

SECOND

# HELP! -ING



Is some man feeding  
that girl a lot of foolishness?  
Is that more the number of  
*FAST-ACTING HELP!*?  
The answers are yet!

Seconds, Anyone?

*HELP!* On page one of the issue with all those kooks in bathing suits on the cover (#15, he means—Ed.) in the upper left corner it says: Vol. 2 No. 3, Aug. 1962. But at the bottom of the page it says: Vol. 2, No. 2, May 1962. So what issue was it? Was it Vol. 2, No. 2 or was it Vol. 1, No. 3 or Vol. 5, No. 3 or Vol. 3, No. 3 or—Oh, hell, forget it.

Stephen Gordon  
Los Angeles, Calif.

You must have read that issue while crossing the International Date Line, Steph, which of course changes the date all around. From now on we are numbering all issues the same in order to clear up and/or create confusion.—Ed.

#### NAST

Your collection of Nast drawings in #15 was excellent. Such things put your humor magazine a cut above the ordinary.

NASTY Fan of Yours  
Findlay, Ohio

Please address all mail to  
*HELP!* letters, Department 16  
501 Madison Avenue, N. Y.



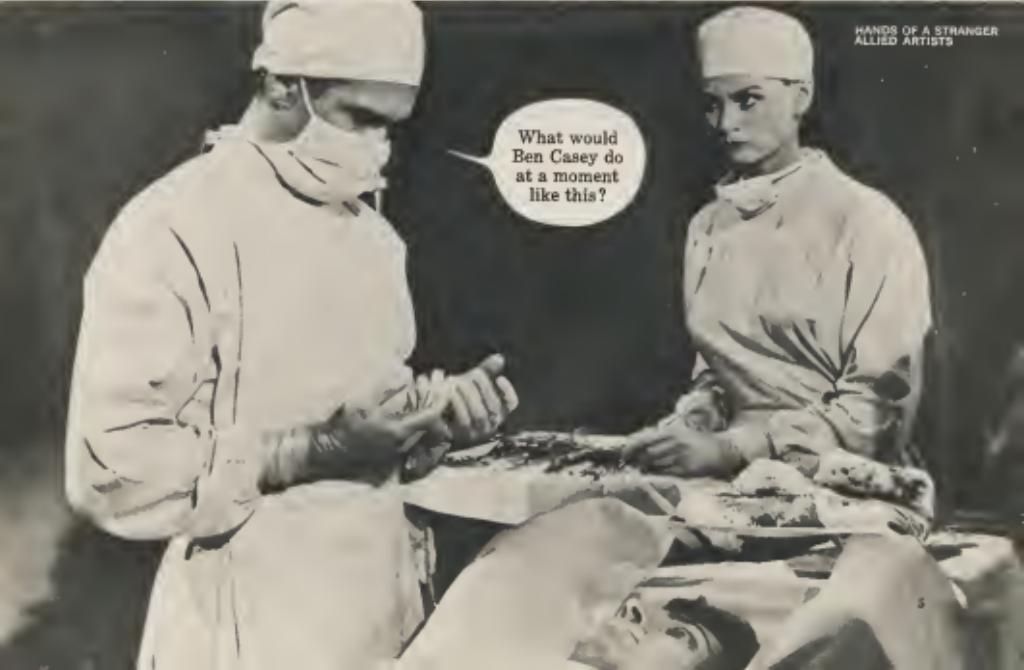
But it's GOT to contain  
at least SOME  
hexachlorophyne!



Now remember,  
Blough tries to escape,  
let him run, say,  
40 yards, then ...



UPI



HANDS OF A STRANGER  
ALLIED ARTISTS

What would  
Ben Casey do  
at a moment  
like this?





We've been stranded here  
for day and days!

So I said hello to Billie Sol Estes.



AT&T  
down 30 points  
and here I am  
doing this.



THE LIFE OF RILEY—U.I.

I've got it—  
Hertz!







# THE COMPANY PLANE

By  
Bernard  
Shir-Cliff

My name is George Bowles  
Let me tell you how flying changed my life

I'm in stocks—Bowles & Co., securities underwriters. Our specialty is helping the small business to mature and grow in America's competitive economy. I mean, we find a company that wants to raise a few fast bucks and we show them how to float an issue.



STERLING CAST  
Bowles—Russ Heath  
Laverne—Joyce Mericle  
Marlow—Paul Glaser  
Breese—Mel Peach  
Secretary—Frances Vargo  
Salesman—Jim Hampton

Photography by Ron Harris  
Make-up by Dick Smith



A service like ours, though, has got to reach out for business. Fact is, the companies we deal with, you haven't even heard of.

— So about six months ago I called in my top executives . . .



The economy's booming — new stock thrown on the market every day. We want a bigger share of that market. How do we get it?

We could advertise on matchbooks . . .



They didn't know. I spurred them with "Free Association Think Flow" and "Cloud Nine Sessions" to unleash blocked creativity . . .



Imagine you're a gorilla and you want a banana but you can't reach it—what would you do?

I'd call my keeper.



Right! You would look for a tool to bring the bananas within reach!



Gentlemen, for us that tool is the company plane! To visit clients in other parts of the country I have bought an airplane. It will be delivered tomorrow.



That's all very well, G. B., but we don't have any clients in other parts of the country.

Exactly! and that's why  
we need a plane. A flying Brain  
Trust bringing Wall Street know-  
how to the boondocks!



*Naturally, I  
also discuss-  
ed the matter  
with my wife...*



Can't  
be  
helped.  
Gladys



*The next day I went to the airport  
to take delivery. The plane was  
entirely satisfactory. My signpainter  
had added a few unique touches...*

Not  
bad,  
eh?



Gives it a bit of flair, eh?

Ahem . . . if you'll  
step over here, we'll  
get the picture.

What  
picture?

Of you taking  
delivery of the plane. I hand  
you the keys and . . . haven't  
you got an attache case or  
something so that you'll  
look like a hot-  
shot tycoon?



As a mat-  
ter of fact,  
I did come  
prepared . . .



No no no—Cut! Cut! Who do  
you think you are—Smilin' Jack?  
This creep'll set the aviation  
business back twenty years.



It says in the sales  
contract you've got to teach  
me to fly it.



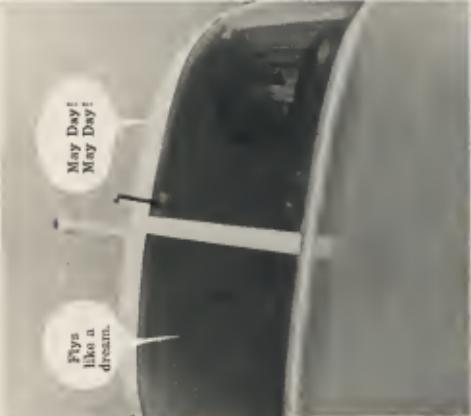
You  
want to  
actually  
*fly* it? I  
thought this  
was just a  
tax dodge . . .  
Look, Ace, if  
it says I  
gotta teach  
you, I'll  
teach you.  
But are you  
sure you  
know what  
you're  
doing?



I have read that flying a business plane is no more difficult than driving a car.

Yeah ... well ...

In no time at all I had mastered the fundamentals and was amazing my instructor ...



May Day!  
May Day!

It's like a dream.

I'm George Bowles of Management Controls System. And you must be Henry Kaiser.



As a matter of fact, you're mistaken. I'm Cyrus Binswanger and this is my farm. Now get that kite out of my alfalfa patch or I'll have the law on you!



*Occasionally, bad weather made it necessary to cancel a flight, but I kept in close contact with my main office by telephone.*





But, we  
don't count the  
cost. After all,  
It's only money.  
Easy come,  
easy go.

Easy go...yes,  
maybe we should go a  
little easy. Suppose I  
write you in a few months  
after I've had a chance  
to think this  
deal over.

But  
I thought  
we'd al-  
ready  
agreed?

Don't  
worry,  
Mr. Bowles.  
As you say,  
It's only  
money.



I don't get it.  
Why would he cut  
out after the deal  
was all set?

Forget it, baby.  
He's just a  
square.



I realized that  
flying had  
changed my  
outlook on a  
lot of things.  
From now on  
we could con-  
centrate on the  
young exec-  
not on the  
stuffed shirt  
set-and swing  
a little.



Hi—I'm  
George  
Bowles.

Bowles  
is the name.  
—call me  
"Bo!"

Ring-  
a-ding,  
daddio!



*It was a real ball. Then there came all this foolish talk about inflated stock values. The market went crazy and suddenly the Dow Jones Index and everything came tumbling down around my head.*

# PIPER

## FLYING-W-RANCH

What is it?

**Bad News, baby.**  
Business is Bombsville. Got to blast off for New York tonight.

Aha!  
Working late,  
eh Breeze?

G.B.! I thought  
you were in Tulsa

You thought  
wrong.  
Where's  
Marlow?  
Find  
him!

It's the office. George is back!

All right, boys. Let's have the bad news.

Fiddle sticks!  
I guess  
that means  
you'll have  
to pack  
your  
things.

We didn't  
want to worry  
you, G.B., but  
business is  
off 100%.

But  
your travel  
expenses  
are up  
\$30,000!

The clients want to consult with you, but we never know where you are.

All we get are bills for gas and plane repairs!

And this co-pilot, Lavern, did you know he was charging the company for a lot of women's clothes?

Hold it, boys! Let me get this straight ... are you criticizing me?

Oh no, G.B. You've been doing a great job. It's just that—



It's just that our company plane isn't paying off, is that it? Well, I was wrong and I admit it.

It takes a big man to admit his mistakes.

Even when you fall, you fail big.

I was wrong to think I could fly all over the country and still run an office . . .

So I'm closing the office! Clear out your desks. They're picking up the furniture in the morning!



*It was a smart move. Old-fashioned business methods were tying me down. Now I'm a wheeler-dealer. My airplane is my office. I can fly to any part of the world to close a deal on the spot.*



*As for Gladys, she was reasonable after our little talk about Marlow ... Yes, flying a company plane has changed my life. It can change yours, too ...*



—George, honey?

Yeah, baby?



Nah, baby . . .

. . . a tycoon got jet engines.



# HAVE GUN WILL RUN ... A SATIRE BY ARNOLD HAYNE

"Lovely Lady, O, thou art fairer than the evening air/  
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars...your eyes are  
silent tongues of love...In thy face I see The map of

honour, truth and loyalty...your lips -" / "Missa Paradin!  
Missa Paradin!" / "Hey-boy, you asa, can't you see I'm  
entertaining Miss Corbett?" / "But Missa Paradin! Mes-  
sage come from Aberene!" / "Come from where?  
Hey-boy?" / "Aberene, Missa Paradin!" / "Let's see that



telegram, Hey-boy. Oh. Abi-  
lene. Mm. My friend Sheriff  
Tate out there is in trouble and  
wants my help . . . well, pack  
my bag, Hey-boy. Lovely lady,  
Goodnight, goodnight! parting  
is such sweet sorrow, That I  
shall say goodnight till it be  
morrow."

\* \* \*

"Hello, Sheriff Tate."

"Paladin! Good to see you!"

"What's all the trouble, Sher-  
iff?"

"Black Charlie's back in town."

"Black Charlie? The hombre  
that wears the black clothes?"

"That's him."

"Hm. Black clothes. Sort of  
gives you the whim-whams,  
doesn't it, Sheriff?"

"I hope you'll help us, Paladin.  
You're the only man I know  
faster'n Black Charlie, and I  
think . . . what's that card you're  
handing me, Paladin? Ain't got  
my glasses handy . . . all I can  
make out is . . . looks like the  
head of a donkey, here, an—"

"No, Tate, you ass, it's not a  
donkey. And the card says,  
"Have Gun Will Run."

"Huh! What's that mean, Palad-  
in?"

"Never mind, Sheriff. Where  
can I find Black Charlie now?"

"He's down at th' saloon, Palad-  
in. But be careful! He's *mean*!"

"Every cloud engenders not a  
storm, Sheriff!"

\* \* \*

"Bartender, I'll have a Pink  
Lady with a drop of Amon-  
tillado, please."

"What? Whatta ya, a fink or  
somethin', mister? What's this  
*Pink Lady* stuff? Ya want beer  
or whiskey?"

"I gather your experience be-  
hind the bar precludes serving  
anything more complicated,  
sir."

"Hey, boys! Didja hear what  
this creep wanted? A *Pink  
Lady*!"

"Haw haw haw haw haw!"

"Hey, mister! You at the bar!  
Them there *Pink Ladies* must  
be a powerful drink, huh? Can  
ya sit yer saddle after two?  
Har har har har har!"

"May I ask who the gentleman  
is with the vast sense of humor?"

"I'm the gentleman, and my  
name's Black Charlie! Hey,  
men, lookit the fancy holster  
he's wearin'!"

"Haw haw haw! It's got a *don-  
key* head on it! Haw!"

"Har har har . . . whatta they  
*call* you, mister? The *donkey*?"

"Maybe they call him the *ass*,  
Charlie! Har har har har!"

"He who reflects on another  
man's want of breeding, shows  
he wants it as much himself'.  
I suggest you gentlemen read  
this card . . ."

"Whut's this he's givin' us? . . .  
Look! The *card's* got the don-  
key head on it, too! Haw haw!"

"It is *not* a *donkey* head, damn-  
it, gentlemen! And I *warn* you  
. . . Harp not on that string!"

"Th' donkey man don't even  
talk English!"

"You've *been* warned now, gen-  
tlemen . . ."

"Then *draw*, donkey man!"

"Didja see that, Charlie? Boy,  
was he *fast*!"

"Yep . . . *never* seen a man get  
out the door faster'n him!"

\* \* \*

"I wonder where Miss Corbett

is . . . Hey-boy, what time is it?"

"Seven o'clock, Missa Para-  
din."

"You know, Hey-boy, I think it's  
about time you did something  
about your dictioin. You've been  
with me 38 years and you can't  
even pronounce my name!"

"Werr, I rearn rots of things,  
Missa Paradin. I know Missy  
Corbett not come tonight . . ."

"Not come? Why not?"

"Because whire you in Aberene,  
I not waste time. I take good  
rook and see Missy Corbett  
have nice figur. So decide,  
'She is beauteiful, and there-  
frore to be wooed . . . She is a  
woman, therefrore to be won'.  
So I make date with Missy  
Corbett for tonight."

"I've told you repeatedly not to  
interfere with my women, Hey-  
boy, you clot!"

"Crot? What is crot?"

"As much as I hate to do this,  
Hey-boy, I'm going to draw  
down on you!"

"You not wear revorver, Missa  
Paradin."

"But you forget my derringer!"

"Dellinger, baroney, Missa Para-  
din. I know you buy dellinger  
in F. W. Woorworth's. Dellinger  
shoot caps. In fact, *all* big  
joke, Missa Paradin . . . serry  
business with donkey heads on  
ever-thing! Who you trying to  
kid?"

"All right, Hey-boy. We'll for-  
get it . . . but not a word of this  
to anyone."

"Well . . . I sure don't feel like  
sitting around this flophouse  
room all night, reading that ridi-  
culous Omar Khayyam. What  
time are you picking up Miss  
Corbett? Think maybe we could  
work it out and *share* Miss Cor-  
bett tonight, Hey-boy?" END

# ADVENTURES OF GOODMAN BEAVER - CHAPTER VI

# GOODMAN GETS A GUN

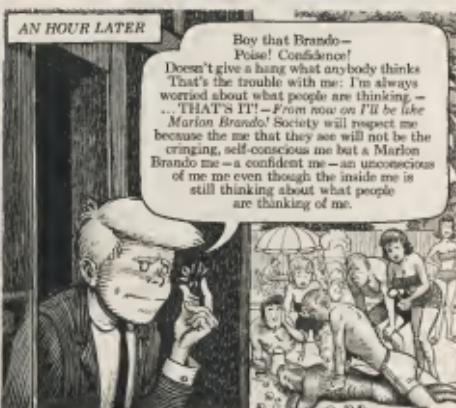
Story by Harvey Kurtzman Art by Will Elder

*This adventure points out the simple lesson that money isn't everything in life. No, indeed. If one is interested in the deeper*

*meaning of his existence, he must not look to the shallow pleasure of money but to a deeper, soul satisfying essence — power!*













Merta

## help's public gallery

We welcome contributions to this feature. HELP will pay a minimum of \$5.00 for each single cartoon used. Mail submissions to HELP, 501 Madison Avenue, New York City. Please be sure to enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope to ensure return of all rejections.



Ted Robins



Sam Cornell

Sam Cornell



Bill O'Neal



O. Ellifson

# WONDER WART HOG

MEETS  
SUPER-FOOL

POW!



HIGH ABOVE THE CITY IN THE OFFICE OF A GREAT MEGATROPOLITAN NEWSPAPER, TIMID, MILD-MANNERED PHILBERT DESENEX (WHO IN REALITY IS WONDER WART HOG), SITS AT HIS TYPEWRITER, WRITING OF EARTH-SHAKING EVENTS...

I'LL ASK MELODY LANE! SHE KNOWS HOW TO INTERPRET THESE CODED MESSAGES!

MELODY! THIS AD SAYS, "Noodle Noses Deliver machine guns and bombs at midnight. I'm going to hold up the First National Bank and kill all the people."

I SUSPECT IT MEANS FOUL PLAY IS AFOOT!

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN, MELODY?



HMPH! HE FLEES EVEN AT THE MERE MENTION  
OF FOUL PLAY! WHATEVER IS IT THAT  
LEADS ME TO BELIEVE THAT SUCH  
A PANTYWAIST COULD ACTUALLY BE  
WONDER WART HOG?

MAYBE IT'S  
HIS SMELL...

FOUL PLAY!  
EEEEEK!

MELODY IS RIGHT! THERE IS FOUL PLAY  
AFOOT! I CAN'T QUITE FIGURE IT OUT,  
BUT SOMETHING HEINOSUS IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN!

LOLITA  
FIRST NATIONAL...

BOMBS...  
MACHINE GUNS...  
MIDNIGHT...

OH!

IT MUST BE A BANK HOLDUP!  
THIS IS INDEED A JOB FOR...  
WONDER WART HOG!

THE HOG OF STEEL LEAPS INTO ACTION!

(NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON!)  
I SEE A CROWD OF PEOPLE  
RUNNING AND FLEEING OUT OF  
THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK!

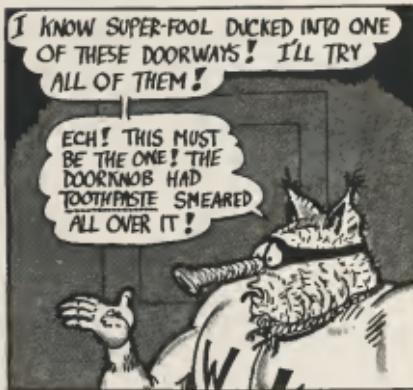
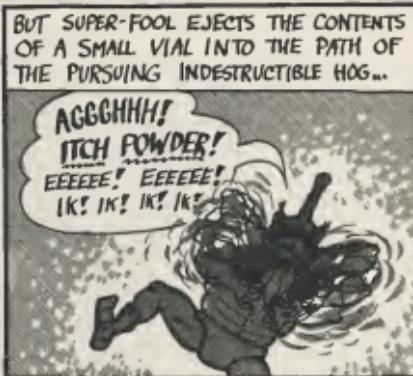
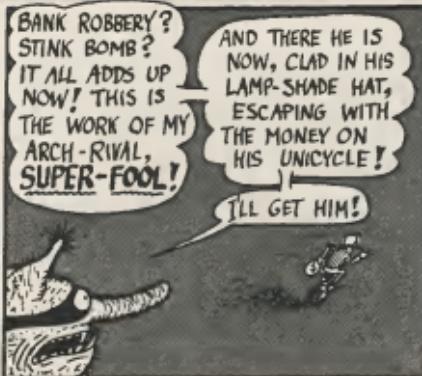


STOP, GOOD SIR! WHY ARE  
YOU RUNNING FROM THE  
SCENE OF THE CRIME?

GAG! RETCH!

SOMEONE THREW  
A STINK BOMB  
IN THE BANK!





OH GHOD! I CAN'T STAND IT! A LEMON MERINGUE PIE IN THE FACE! THIS IS TOO MUCH! BULLETS, KNIVES, CANNONS AND BOULDERS I CAN TAKE, BUT PIES, NO! I'M NOT IN THE CRIME-FIGHTING BUSINESS TO BE MADE MERRY OF!

ALL RIGHT, BUFFOON,  
IF IT'S PIE  
YOU WANT...



IT'S PIE YOU'LL GET!  
BANZAI!!

EEEK!

I GROSS  
MERINGUE  
PIES



I SURRENDER,  
WONDER WART  
HOG!



ALL RIGHT, FOUL FOOL, WHAT  
HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE  
MONEY?

MONEY?  
I ASSURE  
YOU, SIR,  
THAT I AM  
AS PENNLESS  
AS A  
DOODLEBUG!



NO MONEY? WELL, WHAT WAS IN THAT  
SACK YOU CARRIED OUT OF THE BANK?

I THOUGHT IT  
WAS MONEY, BUT  
YOU SEE, TODAY  
IS APRIL FOOL'S  
DAY, AND THE  
TELLER FILLED  
UP THE BAG WITH  
TOILET PAPER!



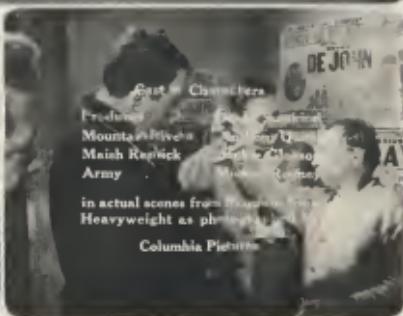
APRIL FOOL?

YES INDEED!





This is an off-camera view of the movie set of the Rod Serling story, REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT. While three of the figures will be familiar to the reader, the fourth, the mysterious stranger lurking in the shadows is our own agent who watched the filming of Requiem, and reports on what he saw behind the cameras.



in actual scenes from the movie  
Heavyweight as played by

Columbia Pictures



— with between-the-scenes sketches  
as drawn by Harry Kurtzman



This is the story of a sequence  
from a forthcoming film, *Heavyweight*.  
Makeup Man. Then action!  
Camera is the fighter's point-of-  
view. Trainer Rooney works over  
the battered Mountain Rivera...

From a picture as it is seen as we  
saw it from behind the cameras—  
of the men who played the shorts,  
fought the fights, fought the di-  
rectors and the producers and  
each other. It is, then, inside  
Requeston for a Heavyweight.

Let us go back to a cold morn-  
ing on location — the opening  
scene in the fight arena where  
Tony Quinn is being scarred and  
cut to a bleeding pulp by the



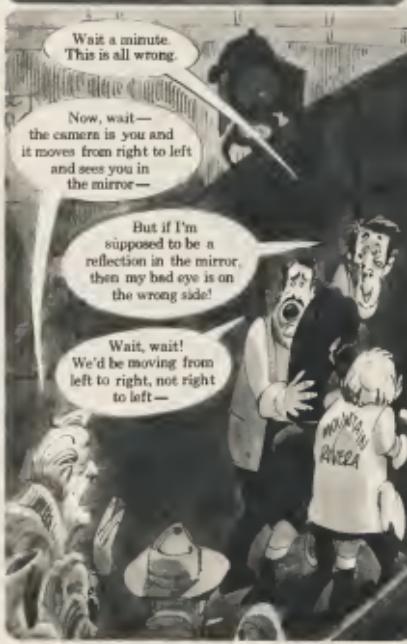
SCENE #1 - STAGE 16, OCEANIC STUDIO,  
ROONEY FIGHTS. THIS IS THE

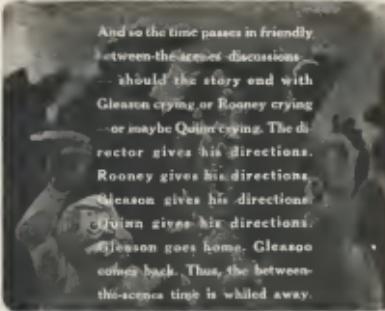
Look  
at me,  
Mountain,

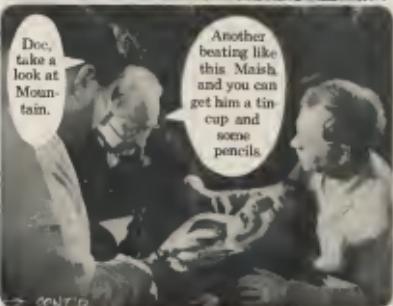
You're  
all  
right.

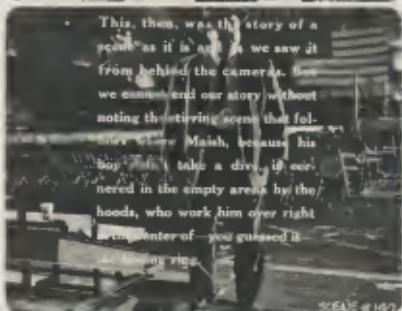
Easy,  
baby.













Waiter—  
there's a  
head  
in my  
soup!





I know it's hard to believe,  
but the micronite filter refines away  
harsh flavor, refines away hot taste.  
You'll feel better about smoking  
with the taste of Kent.



Hold on,  
we got six flights  
to go up.

JAMES CAGNEY  
WARNER BROS.



I'm  
not  
hungry.

UPI

POCKETFUL OF MIRACLES - UNITED AIR



Now look what you've done.  
You've scared your wife.

No, no, Pablo.  
Tonight it's Shakespeare.  
Tomorrow night is  
the concert.



UPI



REPRODUCED BY THE VIRGINIA GENERAL SCREEN CORP.





One more step, pops,  
and bing bing—  
Blindsville.

# HELP'S SATIRE SHOPPE

A COLLECTION OF ITEMS RANGING FROM THE INANE TO THE ABSURD AND BACK



## CIGARETTE CASE AND LIGHTER AUTOMATIC

You level the automatic at her belly! Her eyes plead with you. You slowly squeeze the trigger. Zap! The top flies open revealing a cache of cigarettes. Now her eyes are wide with surprise. You turn again. Sniff! The barmy spits flame and you light her Marlboro. "It's no use, Doris," you murmur. "I'm sending you over." You pocket your persuader, turn up the collar of your trenchcoat, and disappear into the dusk. (for regular) \$2.95 (for king) 3.50

## BOOKS TO LAUGH BY



FAST ACTING HELP! is now in its glorious second printing and in at least as great demand as the Book of the Dead. For as little as 35¢.

Harvey Kurtzman's SECOND HELP!-ING is now available to the literate few at discriminating newsstands everywhere for as little as 35¢.



TWO KURTZMAN CLASSICS  
Harvey Kurtzman was never a failure, though Goldfield knows he's tried. Both HUMBUG and THE JUNGLE BOOK for \$1.00

## THE UNEARTHLY BLACK BOX



There it sits. Quiet, sinister, waiting. The switch is thrown to On. There is a grinding of gears. The box vibrates with a low hum. The mon spirit, Good Lord! The lid is slowly rising . . . and from within, a tiny, shimmering hand. The hand seizes the switch and pushes it to Off. Then it vanishes into the box and the lid bangs shut! Fabulous, you say? Incredulous? Extraordinary? It's nothing, really . . . \$4.95



## HELP! BELT

If you're the guy people say about "Oh that's only Sherman, he's not the kind you've been looking for." This HELP! belt will make a few men know it can give you a steely gaze, firm grip, broad shoulders, and a full head of hair. It'll even hold your pants up. What more can you ask? The HELP! buckle is made of 1" case-hardened steel and is a copy of the Krypton for humans. The belt is of 1" top quality elastic. Order this to individual size and you won't regret it. "Some guy" that Sherman, that's all. "He's got savoir-faire. He's got poise. He's a bad case. He's got a certain elegance. He's got . . . . . \$2.25.



A SCOTCH,  
B RYE AND  
C BOURBON  
TOOTH PASTE

You're the slave of your body. You spend half your life washing and cleaning it. Take this tooth paste, for instance. Think of the time you waste cleaning them every day. Well, with Scotch, Rye and Bourbon Tooth Paste you can save time. It's a time saver. Sing barroom tunes as you brush. Try it with a chaser of Vodka and mouth wash \$1.00 each \$2.75 for all 3



## ELECTRIC SAMOVAR

Stands 16 1/2" high, comes complete with gleaming metal spigot, with a switch, and lid. In debt blue for the gods and Spartan white for the goddesses. \$10.95 plus \$1.60 for postage and handling. An electric Ceramic Samovar is just what mother used to use to make tea for her Communist cell in Russia.



## PLASTERED PLUMBER'S WHISKEY DISPENSER

Looks just like a ministerialized Household Plumbing, with pipes going 'round and 'round. When the softie is turned on, you don't know how, but the whiskey pours out. It's the best way to get a bar jugged in years. Made of High Impact Styrene with a bright metallic finish. A standard Whiskey bottle. Beautifully Boxed \$2.95

THE SATIRE SHOP Dept. H-16  
BOX 6573 Philadelphia 38, Pa.

Please send me the following items:

ELECTRIC SAMOVAR @ \$\_\_\_\_\_

PLASTERED PLUMBER'S WHISKEY DISPENSER @ \$\_\_\_\_\_

CIGARETTE CASE AND LIGHTER AUTOMATIC @ \$\_\_\_\_\_

plus 30¢ (\$1.50 for SAMOVAR) per item shipping fee.

Total amount enclosed \$\_\_\_\_\_

Check  Cash  Money Order

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Zone \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

# MAN IN NEED OF HELP!

This fellow needed HELP! so he subscribed to 6 issues for \$2.00. HELP! changed his whole attitude towards life as you can see from this recent picture taken after he became a subscriber. Why don't you subscribe? HELP! makes suicide pleasant

HELP! Magazine  
Subscription Dept. H 16  
1426 East Washington Lane  
Philadelphia 38, Penna.

Send HELP! I have enclosed  
\$2.00 for 6 issues of HELP!

Name .....  
Address .....  
City .....  
Zone ..... State .....

HELP! Magazine  
Back Issues Dept. H-16  
Box 6373  
Philadelphia 38, Pa

I have enclosed 50¢  
per HELP! checked.

HELP!

□ #3



□ #4



□ #5



□ #6



□ #7



□ #8



□ #9



□ #10



□ #11



□ #12



□ #13



□ #14



□ #15

Name .....  
Address .....  
City .....  
Zone ..... State .....





## **HERE IS YOUR KEY!**

- Everyone is playing "Winding dolls". Wind up the Elizabeth Taylor doll and it wrecks two marriages.
- Wind up the Marilyn Monroe doll and if it's on time, it's broken.
- Wind up the Dorothy Killgallen doll and it snubs the Albert Schweitzer doll.
- Wind up the Jack Benny doll and it won't give back the key.
- Wind up the Perry Como doll and it unwinds.
- Wind up the Khrushchev doll and it buries you.

**NOW READ HELP! AND  
WIND YOURSELF UP**

HOME  
DELIVERY  
SERVICE  
SEE OUR LISTINGS

ABSOLUTELY  
ON SALE HERE

*At the heart  
of the  
Community*

NOTHING  
ON SALE HERE

D & M scans BOOKSTALL

WIN  
ROCKS  
SEASON  
TICKETS